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ALL ON ONE FOOT.

OUDER and louder grow the plaints of real estate owners that for three years past the administration of the city has been piling an unfair load of taxation on realty. The city, they claim, does not make an honest effort to collect the "Personal Tax." It prefers the less ardnous job of getting the money out of tangible real estate.

According to figures which Thomas F. Larkin of Brooklyn recently laid before the Ralph Avenue Board of Trade the city's onal tax assessment dropped from \$372,644,825 im 1910 to 2042,963,540 in 1913. On the other hand, during the same two years the assessed valuation of real estate rose from \$7,044,193,674 to \$2881.898.890. In other words there was an increase of over 8,000,000 in the assessed valuation of realty, while the personal ased by more than \$29,000,000. Three million dollars was ded to the valuation of Brooklyn land in 1911. Moreover, Mr. this declares that real estate owners are finding out to their cost now Mile there is in the theory that increased valuation of propreases the price prospective buyers are willing to pay.

Owners of land who pay heavy taxes bitterly resent the amended law of 1911 applying to secured debt. This law, they maintain, se wealthy men living in New York City to avoid paying perstames at the same rate as real estate.

They simply go to the State Comptroller and record any bond, note or other printed or written obligation issued by any corporation and pay a recording fee of one-half of one per cent. of the face value of such bond or note. These securities cannot be taxed in the City of New York as personal property (as was the custom previous to 1901) at the same rate as real estate. Through this law Mr. Carnegle, and several hundred other rich men who hold steel or railroad bonds and like securities, need not pay a dollar toward the support of our municipal government. In fact they have sworn off their personal tax and do not pay since the law went into effect.

Another law which has stirred the wrath of the house owner went into effect May 1. This law provides that "a building in course of construction, begun since the preceding first day of October and not ready for occupancy the following October, shall not be assessed." This law, declare real estate holders, was passed solely for the benefit of speculative builders, and will take millions of dollars in the future from the city's assessed valuations.

The assessment of real estate in New York has increased a billion dollars in the last five years. Realty owners point out that 90 per cent. of the city revenue comes from real estate. City departments grow more and more extravagant. To run the Tax Department alone cost \$75,000 more in 1918 than in 1910. And yet, say the real estate men, personal property is constantly being provided with easy avenues of escape, while the city leans more and more heavily on its real estate owners when it comes to footing the bills.

When John Hays Hammond as a witness reports on facts he is worth \$1.50 per day. When he reports on mines \$1,000 is his figure.

FATHER VAUGHAN'S ADVICE

DO NOT KNOW any land on earth where in exchange for an honest day's work you will get a finer living wage." Such, according to a Tribune despatch, is Father Vaughan's report | eight languages. en the United States to his British countrymen after travelling twenty thousand miles in this country.

Father Vaughan is a shrewd observer. If he had listened to "experts" whose "profession" is to prove that American workingmen are fools and slaves who only better themselves by hatred and dynamite; if he had taken from the same authorities the tip that "all the matural resources of the country are in book to Rockefeller," he might have carried home different counsels to his fellow Britishers. As it is he says: "Do I recommend the workingman to go to America? I recommend anybody to go who goes with the determination to take bis coat off, roll up his sleeves, put his back to the work and let the sweet roll down."

Father Vaughan has a happy knack of cluding misinformation.

Stockholders of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Rallroad have organized to count the cost of trying to swallow New

> RICHARD WAGNER. Born May 22, 1813. One hundredth anniversary.

The Day's Good Stories

Patrick of the Left Hand.

PAT, who was left-handed, was being swore to

Baconian Theory.

Bacomian Theory.

Two farmers down in Georges were sitting on a rail fence discussing the greatness of United States Senator A O, Bacom of that States Senator A O, Bacom of that Darkers, mental and orstorical supressay of Bacom over any other man that ever fixed, in the midni or their talk a atranger drove on.

"You seem to regard Senator Barom as a very great mun," he remarked.

"He's the greatest man in the history of the weld," the Georgians declared in chours.

"Tou don't thick he's greater than any of the twelve applies, do you," saked the traveller, "Well, maybe out," replied ones of the traveller, "Well, maybe out," replied ones of the twelve well and in young yet,"—The Pupulse.

"Two see, Barom in young yet,"—The Pupulse.

"Two see, Barom in young yet,"—The Pupulse.

"Two sees the see in second of the seed," "Two sees the the dog,"—Harper's West well and the sees of the first the sees of the first the sees of the first time of the sees of the sees of the first time of the sees of the s

Beson in young set,"-The Popular

Riley's Homecoming.

Index sternity. "Mod up your right hand," said the Judge. "Bold up your right hand," commanded the late an' you come home an' sak for yer supper, Bad ceus to ye. Ye would cook no supper either if ye had to wurch all day in the have yno late the late an' you come home an' sak for yer supper. Bad ceus to ye. Ye would cook no supper either if ye had to wurch all day in the havy noise in the air is incess. "Me right hand," on me left-land side."—Wom. Magnine.

"Me right hand," on me left-land side."—Wom. Magnine.

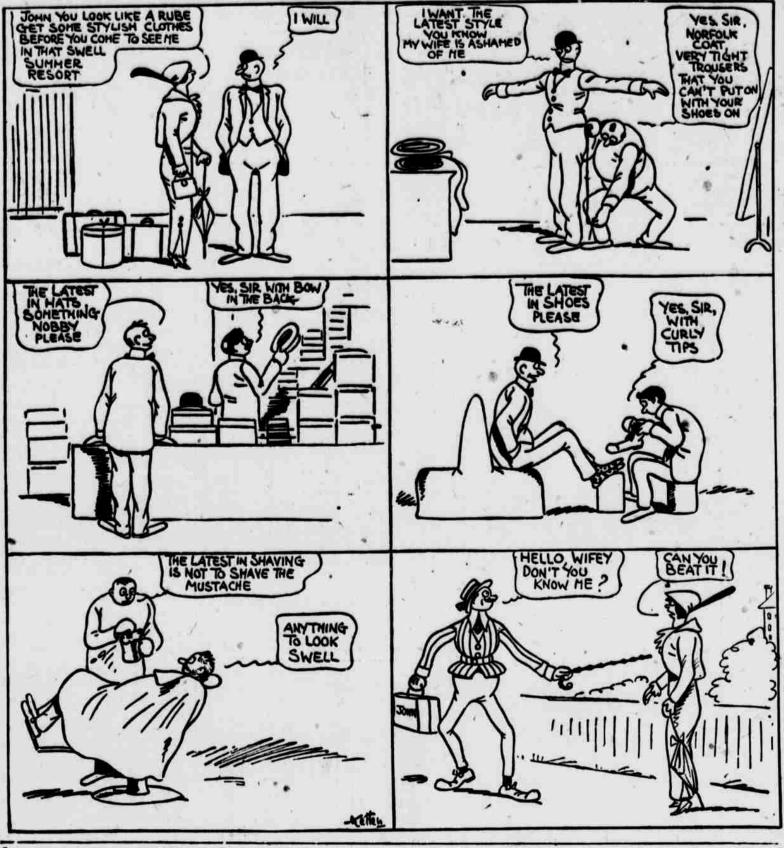
No License Necessary. THE defendant, who was held on the charge of keeping a dog without a lineaue, re-peatedly tried to interrupt the cridence, but was hushed each time by the Court. Finally

"Do you wish the Court to understand that you

"Yes, but so did the dog."-Harper's Westly.

'Twas a Crazy Clock. O NE of the limstes of a New York insane assum, an Irishman, was sent to an adjoining ward to find out the correct time.

Can You Beat It? @ ______ De By Maurice Ketten



"The Human Slaughter House" What Modern War Really Means

Europe to the very depths. In Germany alone it sold 100,000 by hand; and now they murder, wholesale, by machinery. copies in three months, and it has been already translated into

Lamezus; published in this country by the Frederick A. Stokes Co. undergone. Whereas, now, the machine gun The author has brushed away from war all its glamour and glitter; its and the repeating rifle is in exclusive use. enthusiasm and hysteria. He has painted in merciless vividness a picture

naue from the use of up-to-date weapons. Lamezus points out that even as men once mowed with hand scythes

(Copyright, 1913, by Frederick A, Stokes Co.)

HE whole of that morning we had been marching in the eye of the sun without coming across a drop of water, for the country was not well watered and there had been no rain for weeks. Our tongues were parched; our throats were burning. When about midday we passed through a farmyard, where we found a last remaining drop of dirty liquid, it seemed as if the water evaporated on the tongue before it ever reached our throats. Then we had been marched on interminably, so that it was almost with a sense of relief that we heard the first sound of the guns rolling up to meet us. The firing grew hotter, and we soon left the main road and turned We were pushed on at a smart pace. Our faces were glowing from the thirst and heat. The column was enveloped in a thick cloud of dust. The taste of dust instead of water was on our tongues. The dust

And we hurried on without a word. A quickest hedge barred the view on either sids. Nothing but heavy footfalls, walking packs, black, clattering pannikins, rifles at the slope—hustle and dust. . . . Then some one blundered over a stone in his way, and looked as if he were going to fall into the back of the man in front of him . . . but no shout of laughter greets it-we are pushing on almost at the double-at times, when a gap in the hedge elips past, we can catch glimpses of the line of skirmishers advancing over open country-now at length comes a check. . . . In front of us nothing but green fields in sight In the heart of them gleams the crude yellow of a field of mustard. Ahead of us, just opposite our front, a dark wood . . . not a trace of the enemy in sight. On our right they have already pushed on the advance On our left the skirmishers are just breakly through the heige and opening out to extend our line of attack.

The heavy noise in the air is incessant.

I can't see where they are firing, and I can't see what they are firing The air is heavy with iron thunder. It closes like a ring round my chest. I am distinctly conscious that my chest is reverperating like a tense sounding-board-

What on earth is that? A sound like the cracking of whips from somewhere or other . . the sound is so sharp, so distant, so intermittant, as if it were coming from the rifle-rauge. .

Then-by my side a man falls down, falls on his rifle, and lies still, never stirs again . . . shot through the head, clean through the brain . . that's what the cracking of whips means; it's coming from over there, out of the wood. Somewhere over there the enemy's sharpshooters are lying and lining its care and opening fire on us

Lie down-Mark distance-Cover!

But no order comes. We push on toward the wood undeterred, as if hese bullets did not concern us in any way. The sharpshooters' fire is not hot enough as yet; we have not, so far, got into sufficiently close

it is an uncomfortable sensation to feel that over thefe muzzles are pointing straight at us. We are advancing almost as hurriedly and As I move forward, I turn my head and look back. Behind me I see

new lines of skirmishers advancing one behind the other-supports to be What is that crawling along the ground behind our line?

LITTLE book with a blood red cover has been stirring military and now mow with machines, so they used to kill slowly and bunglingly

In the Franco-Prussian war, he tells, the awkward and feeble old needleguns, cannon and chassepots slew more than 100,000. Yet then, only The incendiary little volume is "The Human Slaughter House," by a single shot could be fired before the long process of reloading must be

The hero of "The Blaughter House" is conscripted with millions of of "The war that is bound to come," and the frightful elaughter that must others at the call to arms. He leaves his wife and babies and goes to the front to form a tiny cog in the mighty machine of modern warfare.

there is one here, another over there—it looks so novel and so odd. They

are crawling back out of the firing-line. And I see how one of them suddenly tries to rise, clutches his rifle with both hands and hauls himself to his feet by his gun. And now he is spreading his arms out, tumbling over backward, and flinging his hands away from him, far apart his hands are still flapping up and down on the grass. I am looking back as if fascinated while my legs keep on advancing. The Death-Rain of the Machine Gun.

But suddenly something begins to set up a rattle over there in the wood and buszes like huge alarm-clocks running down.

And there we are lying down, flat on our stomachs, as If we had already

The description of his first great battle follows:

been mown down for every man of us knows what that was. They have masked machine-guns in the wood over there; they are opening fire on us I feel how my heart is thumping against my ribs. A machine-gun is equivalent to a company, the Old Man once explained to us, after we had been shot down in heaps to the last man by the machine-guns in the

"Rapid fire! Into the wood!" Yes, but what are we to fire at? Lying down, there is nothing to be seen of the sharpshooters. They won't do us any harm: in another minute they will have disappeared among the trees. But the machinesthey have hidden them among the foliage to good purpose.

Our subaltern, lying a bare five paces away from me in the grass, raises himself on his elbows and gazes intently through his field-glasses I know what is vexing his soul. He is a handsome, splendid lad, for whom even we grizzled old-timers would go through fire and water, for he meets you as man to man, without sniffing or awagger, as it becomes youngster. And the other day, when I was marching with the rear guard, we discussed Lilliencron's novels. Since then he has always appealed to me as if he had stepped straight out of one of these romances of

"Close to the big oak. To the right in the undergrowth," some one of the rank and file sings out.

Charging an Invisible Slayer.

I strain my eyes to the spot, and fail to see anything. And again I hear the guns growling all around us. But somewhere out of the far distance a clear, long-drawn bugle-call rings out amid the fron bass. It thrills like nerve and brain against an iron wall. Behind there, to the right-they are on the run there! And from afar

the rife fire rattles like mad. "My men! Up with you! At the double!"

That came from our lot . . . our subaltern is racing on with his drawn sword in hand. . . I am still prose, and have, almost automatically, drawn my right knee close up under my body . . . they are rising to their feet to the left and right of me, and dashing on after . a wrench! and my knapsack slides lop-sided up the back of my neck . . . then I jump up with my rifle in my right hand, and am running for all my legs are worth.

But as we rise to our feet the machine-gune in the woods begin to buzz, and to rain lead into ranks, until right and left of me men yelp and drop, twisted and tumbled to the ground.

"Down! Rapid fire!" The line is prone and again we are blazing desperately into the wood, and can caich no glimpse of our enemy. Never a single arm raised against us, never the eye of a single man to challenge us. The wood, the green wood, is murdering us from afar, before a single human face.

(To Be Concluded To-Morrow.)



AT and the world eate with you, Bant and you bant alone; the men of earth care nothing for girth, But woman must still be a bone

Marriage is the point at which a girl stops sitting up and walting for man to go home, and begins sitting up and waiting for him to come home

How to a wife to get any real satisfaction out of her summer If she knows her husband is unhappy without her it makes her miserable and if she knows he isn't it makes her furious.

Before he marries her a man may be afraid to kies a girl; afterward he is afraid not to.

When a man has durnt the nap off the rug with his eigarette he always seems to fancy that it is only necessary to sprinkle a little water on it

A woman might forgive a man for his wild and foolish ways. It's his wild and foolish excuses for them that insult her intelligence and get on

The difference between a "drinking man" and a "bon vivant" is merely matter of whether he gets it at the corner cafe or at the club.

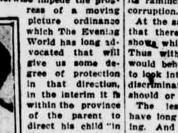
Don't waste your sympathy on the girls a heartbreaker tooled before marriage; save it all for the one-he marries and goes on fooling forever

At this time of the year it is so hard to tell whether it is love, moonlight or the effect of your spring tonic that is making "the world go

The Parent, the Children And the Moving Pictures

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

Coppright, 1913, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World),



the way he should go" (to the "mov-

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has recently issued statement, drastic as it may seem, bee the "demoralization of children go's Look for the clean "movies" in the "demoralization of children go's Look for the clean "movies" in the "demoralization of children go's Look for the clean "movies" in the children go to any other not let the children go to any other.

President of the National Legal Regu- SAFETY as to the ideas that are being lation League, whose efforts in allevithat the conditions in New York are moving picture promoters WORSE than any place she has visited. REALIZE that questionable She says:

"I have seen within a few days in The falling off in attendance

HILE the Board of Aldermen low dance halls and even the inter-side-step, pigeon-hole, obstruct of illegal resorts; also gang life, wi and otherwise impede the prog- its ramifications of political and pol

picture ordinance At the same time she has also to that there are some moving World has long ad- shows which ARE a credit to the city. vocated that will Thus with no legislation in det. give us some de-gree of protection to look into this matter with a vice to in that direction, discriminating just where the little on in the interim it fo should or should not go.

within the province The lessons gleaned in of the parent to have long proven to be the most last direct his child "in ing. And it is as important to keep a child from such a place as it we les") that will do tionable studies are taught.

A little forethought RIGHT NOW might save many a criminal; which

ating this condition of things are well every parent would take this precauknown, has proven through research tion it would not be long until the are things to be AVOIDED.

moving picture theatres of this city touch their pocketbooks; since their the underworld of New York in all its sense of the fitness of things seemingti

Love a la Mode. By Eugene Geary.

Congright, 1913, by The Free Publishing Co, (The New York Essing World).

MET her—well, no matter where— I stood there in the evening glow.

And, ere I told my passion.

And watched her like a dumb thing.

In oulte romantic fashion. But, when I thought the prize was My heart with for inflated. She hinted Bradstreet, also Dun, And asked how I was rated. mazed at this, I questioned why She touched on golden coffers.

She looked me coolly in the eye And mentioned other offers. satisfied her on this score, But thought it past endurance When she began to ask some more

About my life insurance.

Her figure might, for all I know, Be Philaellene-or something. If deafening were these notes of love, The next one was a whopped It was the fluctuations of Amalgamated Copper. Tis only proper to relate.

With mutual love we parted, And neither in that parious state The poets call "broken-hearted." But this I know, if some fine day The lady's not a peeress, She's bound to blaze the golden way-A frenzied financieress

How to Choose Your Occupation The Duties, Chances and Salaries in Various Lines of Work -By Celia K. Husik-

6.- Dressmaker.

NE of the important occupa-tions of the present day for mediocre dresamaker by attempting which there is a constantly learn it in this way. increasing demand is that of

an interest in clothes, especially in designing them; and to be nest and careful and very painstaking. In addition one must have patience, great tact in dealing with people, as well as having ersonal neatness and cleanliness. There are several ways of taking up herself, particularly if she has bee the study of dressmaking. A practical course in one of the schools for dressmaking is a good way to begin. Or a girl can enter big house as an ap-prentice where she will receive all the necessary instructions and a small The important points to remember wage to begin on besides. In this con-nection it is wise to heed the following that she must have good tasts, use caution. The learner must not allow standing of style, an interest in the her employers to use up all her time in ing and fitting clothes, and must t

Countight, 1913, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Erening World). not advisable, however, for one who is ambitious and wishes to rise to the tor

increasing demand is that of dressmaking. Success in this occupation depends upon a few points which can usually be acquired with time.

It is of vital importance to a dressmaker to possess good taste; to be able to combine colors artistically; to have dressmaking work has of colors. The compensation for the ordin ceive as high as \$125 per week. All dressmaking work has, of course, his

For the woman with a good be head and the ability to direct ethere; their work it will be advantageous start a dressmaking establishment of practical experience with some god business house or a fashionable dress

maker. In this way an able worker of often establish a very lucrative but

running errands, but must insist upon tient, near, careful and tactful, getting the instruction for which she these qualities at her command came. Still snother way is to learn almost surely succeed in her dreamaking at home. This method is occupation.